A halter Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of Bastardie.
Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of Royall blood.
Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good,
First hang the childe that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vexe the fathers soule withall.
Aron. Get me a ladder, *Lucius* saue the childe,
And beare it from me to the Empresse:
If thou doe this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more but vengeance rot you all.
Lucius. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakst,
Thy childe shall liue, and I will see it nourisht.
Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
Twill vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of murthers, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of blacke nights, abhominable deeds,
Complots of mischiefe, treason, villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously performd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my childe shall liue.
Lucius. Tell on thy minde, I say thy childe shall liue.
Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin.
Lucius. Who should I sweare by, thou beleeuest no God,
That graunted, how canst thou beleeue an oath?
Aron. What if I doe not, as indeed I doe not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue,
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Idcot holds his bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,

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To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
To saue my boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Or else I will discouer nought to thee.
Lucius. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.
Aron. First know thou, I begot him on the Empresse,
Lucius. Oh most insatiate luxurious woman!
Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deede of charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
Twas her two sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy sisters tongue and rauisht her,
And cut her hands, and trimd her as thou sawest.
Lucius, Oh detestable villaine, call'st thou that trimming
Aron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trimd,
And twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it,
Lucius, Oh barberous beastly villaines like thy selfe!
Aron. Indeede I was their tutor to instruct them,
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a carde as euer wonne the set:
That bloody minde I think they learnd of me,
As true a dog as euer fought at head:
Well, let my deedes be witnes of my worth,
I traynde thy bretheren to that guilefull hole,
Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay:
I wrote the letter that thy Father found,
And hid the gold within the Letter mentioned,
Confederate with the Queene and her two sonnes.
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischiefe in it.
I playd the cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it drew my selfe apart,
And almost broke my hart with extreame laughter,
I pried me through the creuie of a wall,

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